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NYN CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Mrs. Potter's Unfortunate Choice of Parts—Her Unfitness for a Turgid Melodrama like "Twist Axe and Crown"—She Gives Her Audience Graciousness When They Expect Gusto—Romantic Plays and Actors Contrasted with the Dress-Coat Drama and Its Interpreters.

Mrs. Potter is not fortunate in her repertoire. I have not yet seen her in the play in which she plays the character in which her distinctive and delicate personal charms and her fine possibilities find easy and natural expression.

Tom Taylor's "Twist Axe and Crown" is a pseudo historical play with a strong theatrical atmosphere, but it is notably old-fashioned in its melodramatic excellence, and carries a high anti-popey flavor that jars a little when one is out of England. Its incidents are cleverly conceived, with good judgment and picturesque effect, but its language is prolix and slow, and the whole action might be condensed into four acts with great advantage to the observer.

In any case the drama is a clear example of romanticism in which events and personages have a pleasant, unnatural, or at least an unaccommodating chivalric lift, and the action is to be what we call romantic action.

With the single exception of Kyrie Bellow characters in it are not romantic in talent or in tendency.

Mrs. Potter, who is a woman of very fine possibilities, keen, intellectual apprehension, and exquisite taste, capable of giving finish no less than quiet force to those ingenuous and comely roles where delicacy of touch rather than volume of stroke is required, does not, and I am inclined to believe cannot, appear to the best advantage in turgid, melodramatic situations, where mere impact of vigorous personality and the momentum of great physical endeavor carry all before them. She is a poetic reader, but not a forceful declaimer. No one can manage the sentiment of a line with clearer knowledge of its meaning than she, but no one is less at home in heroic posturing and the theatrical self-assertion of a tragic passion.

The daintiness with which she embodied and portrayed the queenly heritage of young Elizabeth's staunch loyalty and royal fidelity went for very little with an audience invited to see a historic melodrama, and the consistency, delicacy and truthfulness with which she seized and held and developed the two or three womanly characteristics of Elizabeth and kept the personality throughout obedient to its temperament and tissue were of less account to an audience than her efforts to fill the one or two footlights of action with forceful demeanor and dramatic vibration.

What an audience wants when it is assembled to see great events strung on historic action is gusto.

Mrs. Potter gave them graciousness.

I think, perhaps, that in a play where they had been led to expect the latter they would have recognized her work more clearly.

In the Tower garden scene of Taylor's play, Mrs. Potter was daintily poetic. Her affection for Courtenay is made a most admirable showing of passion, disciplined, refined and guided by a balanced consideration of responsibility, justice, duty and maidenly reserve.

It is doubtful if this merit obtains at any time the instant recognition that a more vehement and coarser exhibition of passion will command.

On the other hand Mr. Kyrie Bellow is not so much a poetic as a romantic actor. He has all the picturesqueness of action, the self-assertive, heroic quickness and dash and nervous impulse, to say nothing of the physical graces that are essential to demonstrative parts, and are not at all essential for suppressive, analytical and psychic roles. He gave to Edward Courtenay a chivalric air that was courtly and gallant, and breathed the Elizabethan age of romance. He spoke the somewhat effusive lines of Tom Taylor with a good deal of that youthful lift that we can easily imagine made men step higher and talk and dare more for love and freedom at the time of the English Renaissance than they do now.

I suppose your true romantic actor has no business trying to embody the prosaic man of our present society, in which the highest humanism is not to fight wrong, but to bear it in silence. He must be allowed to whip out his sword at the slightest provocation, for he lives in a time, really, when men who were wronged did not write to the London Times about it but called for their blades.

Such an actor, who wears a flowing cloak and a feather as if they were part of his inheritance, who preserves in his demeanor something of the incredible pulsance of The Three Guardsmen, and something of the color of Ruy Blas, will always appear to be somewhat exaggerated in a dress coat. Probably the very best evidence of romanticism in an actor is his unconscious protest against the uneventfulness and prosaic restriction of the dress coat drama.

And the formality of the dress coat exactly represents the formality of modern society, while that which is dramatic and romantic represents events and stirring action.

In its love for romanticism America is much freer and more natural than England. The dress coat leveling system does not obtain here so broadly and with so much authority as in London. We kick a little like barbarians against plays in which the people stand round

It appears to be the London notion that as the clothes are taken off the actresses they are to be heaped upon the artists. Nobody is to be any longer free but the burlesquer.

When you tell me an American actor cannot wear a dress coat you must mean Edwin Booth, or perhaps you are thinking of Edwin Forrest.

Do you know why the American actor can't? It is because great acting doesn't depend on a dress coat, and the dress coat drama has been just in proportion as ladies and gentlemen took the place of women and men on the stage.

A great drama rests on great events now and at all times, and the dress coat system is opposed to events. It would like to substitute phrases and behavior.

What we really want as playgoers is more romanticism. England doesn't furnish it. Such plays as Sweet Lavender come under the general head of sweet milk, and when we

fused that deliciously absurd Roundels with the fervor and the fancy of a fairy tale! How much he reminded us of an army with banners and brass bands when he was in The Veteran. And then, when he got into a dress coat, how he countered round with his hands in his pockets, not knowing exactly what was to be had for them, and how he began to exhibit Lester Wallack to the utter extinction of the character; how he worked with the pure romantic instinct at Robertson's comedies, adding color and action and rhythm till the little sketches began to vibrate and glow with a new spirit!

You'd think, to hear some of these managers talk, that an effective drama is to be realized for the coming generation along the lines of etiquette and frangipani!

Between the "beauty rag" and the Elite Directory dit is all getting to be grammar and grimace, and presently we shall have

conscious endeavor, by education, training and direction of the will to express something in a form of beauty, and how the conscious endeavor and the trained will can be born with a person when they are the result of education and development beats human reason to tell. What the writer meant to say. I indeed the writer had time to stop and make anything, was that actors are born, not made—a statement that will pass, for there are such things as actors and artists. Clara Harris is an actress. Jane Hading is an artist. It isn't a question which we would rather have, or which is the greater. It is simply a question of difference in quality.

When a man of Mr. Ayres' clear perspicacity says that "the actor's task is always a simple one," he has stepped over from orthodoxy authority to metaphysical dogmatism, and when he adds that the task is "to make clear and impressive certain thoughts—no more," I am quite sure he has gone beyond the bounds of clear statement.

It ignores while it confuses the distinction that exists between a thought and an emotion. A thousand feelings may exist that have no symbols in words and that do not get fixed in thought. What thought is there in a pang? But it will show itself in the face.

I suspect that Mr. Ayres, who is not apt to confuse thoughts, is wilfully ignoring emotions. He has historical evidence on thoughts and the power to render them intelligible and will have nothing to do with that mysterious gift so often born with the actor, of making emotions apparent without any effort of the tongue.

Let us really go to the theatre for its own sake. If we have to take the trouble to go, we can sometimes get the

best of it. The law is this: The fuller and clearer the feeling and the less we have of words, the more cogent, direct and beautiful the result.

An artist who bristles all over like a porcupine with sharp correctness of speech has transferred the interest from her quality to her quills. Every time she touches you she draws blood. Her strain to get the word quality over into sentences and sentences is very much like the old woman who wouldn't have her photograph taken till she had got the cologne on her handkerchief.

Give us correctness of speech by all means and correctness of emphasis and accuracy of intonation and articulation, but beware, O, beware! of mistaking the chandelier for light and confusing the polished fustian with the water that flows through it.

NYN CRINKLE.

Newton Bears' Enchanted Arden.

Newton Bears is making extensive preparations for a spectacular production of Enchanted Arden. The dramatization is one which the star came across among the properties of Sheridan, the tragedian, which he purchased, and it is said to be a very strong one. Hitherto the play has been produced with the sole purpose of bringing out the central figure, Enchanted Arden, but Mr. Bears believes that the possibilities in the way of stage pictures which Tennessee's poem presents have never been adequately worked out. It is, therefore, his intention to take hold of the play in earnest and make it the finest dramatic spectacle of next season.

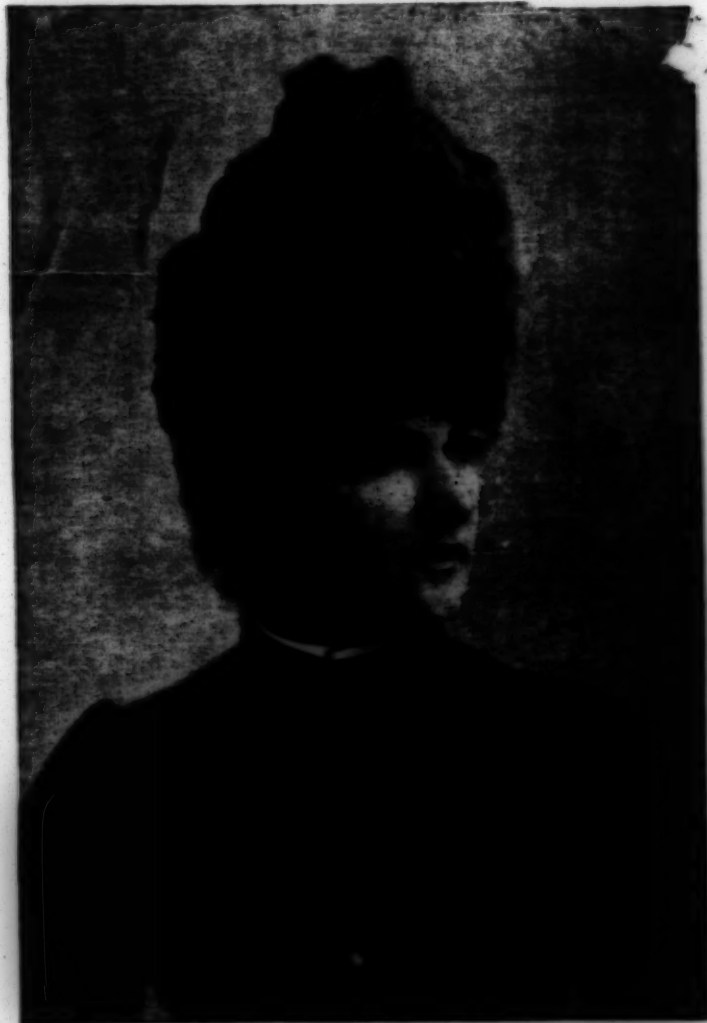
The Cornish coast scene, the storm and wreck at sea, Arden's midnight vision, the tropical life by moonlight, will be beautifully and elaborately treated, and the final scene will be a startling mechanical effect. The costumes are to be made in England.

The Big Minstrel Show Coming.

The Haverly Cleveland Minstrel, after successfully touring the Pacific slope and the West, are coming East and will appear again in Philadelphia, New York and vicinity and Boston, making a tour of New England.

This organization, numbering fifty-five artists, is the largest minstrel aggregation extant, and it is claimed to be the best. They have played to crowded houses everywhere this season at advanced prices.

The attractive features of this company include two full companies of Japanese performers. W. S. Cleveland is the sole proprietor. These gentlemen represent the Haverly Cleveland Minstrel in advance: Charles E. Cleveland, business manager; Charles H. Day, general representative; Will H. Shook, special agent; Joseph F. Fawcett, programmer and lithographer.



ANNIE PIXLEY.

as they do at a four o'clock tea, and try to say smart things without ever doing anything.

The whole wardrobe system comes from England and France, not from America. Ours is a shirt-sleeves drama, with an attempt to put men in action and the one reason why Mr. Joseph Arthur's Still Alarm woke the dead echoes in London was not because he had horses in it but because he showed the suppressed, conventional playgoers a man, who had something to do and did it like a man.

The cry that has recently been raised against the American actor that he cannot wear a dress coat is one of the finest compliments that has ever been paid him collectively. I wonder if Keen or Macready or Garrick or the elder Booth could wear a dress coat?

I wonder if acting has got to be pressed down and ironed out to the stiff stupidity of a London reception, and plays advanced to the fanatical tedium of the Court Circular.

do get a genuine piece of romanticism from one of our home workers—like Paul Kean, for example—anything but romantic actors are put into it.

It is quite true, as has been stated, that the actors of America are not up to their English cousins in the dress coat business. But try them in the armor, the culottes, the gaberdine, the navy blue, the toga or the war-paint business.

I never heard, even from Boston, that one of the objections to Salvini was that he couldn't wear seven-button gloves, but I do remember that Montague was smiled upon when it became known that he wore embroidered underclothes.

I wonder if people have forgotten that Lester Wallack's great charm was, after all, his romanticism, and not his genteel comedy case? How he swept us with his plumes and danced as with his uniforms! How he trans-

to ask Redfern how Hamlet shall be played.

And having here struck the grammar of acting, I am forced to believe that one half the profession uses the word "romantic" without knowing what it means.

How can I help believing this when so many other words are confused?

When so able an etymologist as Alfred Ayres quotes on his little circular two such sagacious paragraphs as these I despair of lucidity:

The artist is born, not made. Acting comes to talent. A season of hardworking will do more actual good than years of study and coaching.

The actor's task is always a simple one, though often difficult. It is to make clear and impressive certain thoughts—no more, no less; and all he does is due to compare this one act.

Obviously and eternally, artists are not born, but are made, because if not made anything at all as distinguished from gobs or endowment or accident or nature, it remains the

[illegible]

"*Totter Aye and Crowe* is a heavy, lugubrious, tedious drama with a complexity of plot and counterplot, rife in the truncheon of political intrigue. To the modern taste there is little that is interesting and nothing that is sympathetic in the 'doctors of courtesans, the struggles of rival parties, the cruelties and persecutions, wars and wars, triumphs and disasters of a rugged period in English history. These things are only tolerable when they form the background to some stirring story or when the text comes glowing from the brain of a great poet."

But the large, fashionable audience evidently cared little about the play. They wanted to see Mrs. Potter and her guests and to observe what progress she had made in the direction of that phase of artistic proficiency toward which her course it could only be said by her openly critics she was striving. On 11 October she received a letter from a lady who wrote a heavy volume of comment, however, on the play which she had seen.

Mrs. Potter the housekeeper in the earlier times, neither exhibiting her strength of character as appearing in her will. But to the first will to Conserve and in the Tour across the displayed a strength and fire and feeling which commanded honest approbation. Her gown were phenomena and emphatically becoming. It is certain that Lady Elizabeth has never had a more flattering representative—Mrs. Potter will has given room for improvement. Her studies is constantly lively, the meaning of the lines being frequently elucidated. Her physical condition is somewhat blighted by several governments and disagreeable mannerisms of gesture and carriage. She has a habit of throwing her head forward when she moves that produces an unpleasant effect, and occupying with checked teeth. But Mrs. Potter is deserving of moderate commendation for having advanced promptly in knowledge of domestic technique and expression. Her Elizabeth at least warrants the expectation that she will have more to do better things.

Mr. Bellow was handsome, gaucoid, and, of course, known as the romantic Edgar Courtney. Were it not for occasional oddity and chemical richness of delivery the performance would deserve more praise than we can bestow upon it. Mr. Edward was admirable as Bishop Gardiner, delineating the craft and cunning of the Chancellor with many shrewd touches. Mr. Robertson was dark and devilish Spanish envoy, impressive in feebly expounding if not in utterance. Mr. Sumner was an old Harryington and Mr. Hawley's Wyatt was pathetic and most. The Byrtons of Mr. Hurley was earnest, if not too bold even for a lieutenant of the Tower. Mr. Barker's wonder was capital in its mode. Mr. Burdett showed intelligence as constant as Perry.

Mrs. Barrett was a beautiful Mary, nothing more than her reading, from a stationary point of view, could ever be imagined. Mrs. Edridge excels in a representation of such sophisticated dances as the Bolero of Werelt. Little Hudson was charmingly legant as Isabel and Mrs. Butler was gutsy and pigant as Glad. The play was shiny, if not completely natural. Antony and Cleopatra is a

Mezani, Booth and Barrett changed their bill, returning to two characters which by many critics are considered, respectively, their best. It would be late in the day to praise Mr. Booth's *Bartuccio*, in *The Fool's Revenge*. It is and will always remain one of the most poignant delineations of fierce and evil passion, struggling in the same breast with the most exquisite and tender affection, that the modern stage can show. It is usual to praise as the climax and focal point of the action *Bartuccio's* burning eagerness to gain admission to the supper scene, in the last act, alternating with the awful grief and despair he but partly hides. It is a wonderfully strong scene, but we are almost tempted to rank with it the equally delicate of low intense painting in his earlier scene with his daughter, where he tells the secret of his life.

Miriam Galt, as Fierdelina, is an excellent ingenua, very pretty, to begin with, and gifted with a rich, sweet voice, a good method, and natural, simple feeling. In all the tender and gentle parts of the role she was admirable; in the agitated scenes with the Duke, her lack of intensity and facial variety shows that she has yet a good deal to learn.

The rest of the supporting cast was mediocre at best. Gertrude Kellough made a Duchess so entirely acid and forbidding as to require, if not to justify, the Duke's extra-matrimonial errors. Lawrence Hanley was ineffectual where he should have been earnest and virile as the poor Dell'Aquila, and Charles Handford walked through the part of Manfredi with a dual dignity which covered less of Italian courts than of a Sixth Avenue retail druggist.

The part of Griegore in De Beauville's charming poem, adapted by Alfred Thompson, is one in which Mr. Barron's glacial face is most completely thrown into the shadow, while his good qualities come well to the front. It has long been known as one of his most pleasing impersonations. There is the greater interest in the production just now that the creator of the role, M. Cogan, has recently played it here, and will probably soon do so again. It would be straining a compliment to ascribe to the American interpretation anything like the minute delicacy and subtlety

...ing with the French. It has, however, a
...able quality of pathos. The Compa-
...domes are worn by the soldiers and
...throughout the army and within the
...NEW York, which the
...and towards the end, no
...er's melted poems, but in the
...Barrett reads blank verse ill
...did not play the last part of his
...with much force or effect.

Miss Gale, who had altered her make-up in a very puzzling way, made a charming Loyola and John A. Lane gave a good, if rather dry, sketch of the sly but capricious old tyrant Louis XI.

Nat Goodwin opened a week's engagement at Nith's on Monday night with *Lead Me Five Shillings and Turned Up*. The large audience accorded him the warmest welcome after a absence from that theatre of six years.

As Gullightly Goodwin showed conclusive evidence of his advance toward higher comedy, although tinged with the stronger features of his own broad burlesque style.

The company is in such excellent and harmonious training that it would be impossible to make selections. S. Miller Kent played Captain Spruce, T. H. Barnes was amusingly bombastic as Captain Phobia, Harry Everfield acted as Mordecai, John Caven was a capital Sam and Frank Morse was Walters. Lillian Lee as Mrs. Major Phobia and Adelaide Albrand as Mrs. Captain Phobia thoroughly supported the humor of the evergreen old farce.

In *Turned Up*, the comedian as Carraway Barnes was as usual very amusing. It is yet to be debated whether the interpretation of the character is not too nearly approaching the rough and tumble order of comedy. The interpretation is an impossible one in nature and the exaggerations both in acting and in making us tied downwards to a low type.

Mr. Burns rendered the part of Captain Hawkey with a refreshing suit and brevity which was admirable. Without being too pronounced, the part of George Hawkey was well performed by Mr. Kent. Mr. Evered played very well as Ned Stedman. Mr. Kent played old Lebb and Robert G. Williams General Balch. Wanda Vivian rendered Chopin with a strong vein of dainty humor. Next week, Margaret Mather.

Annie Finley commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Star on Monday. The Doctor's Daughter, in which she will appear throughout the current week, is well calculated to set off her special talents. In her impersonation of Ruth Homewold she depicts the beautiful nature of a city-bred country girl, whose education has led her to go on the stage. A considerable study and hard work Ruth assumes a popular actress and is known professionally as Mabel Hawthorne. The commendation is supplied from the fact that persons, who are straightforward New England folk, believe her to be a simple little country girl trundling a baby carriage in "York." Her complications that she cannot be human and entertaining. Miss Finley introduced "wash-tub song" and other selections that greatly pleased the audience, notably a song camp-meeting melody, in which her imitation of a wench was repeatedly cheered.

Edward Poland, who played the eccentric photographer, participated in several of the vocal sections and was also particularly happy in the camp-meeting song. His acting was a little overdrawn, but the antics of the would-be punnier might easily elude artistic interpretation.

M. C. Daly was capable as The Doctor, and was ably seconded by Adelaide J. Eaton as the Doctor's wife. John P. Burke as Charles Lawrence seemed very uncomfortable in a dress coat during the first act, but proved natural and efficient in other portions of the piece. Joseph Brennan deserves commendation for his character sketch of the Squire, and Frederick Sackett acquitted himself very creditably in the ingipish role of Irving De Vere Chillington. Nellie Ravel created no end of laughter as Mary O'Donoghue, and Elsie Jerome seemed to the manner born as Mrs. Washington Browne, a fashionable woman of the world. Next week Miss Finley is billed for Zora.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels drew a large audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The entertainment is practically the same as when they appeared in this city early in the season at Niblo's and their performance was at that time reviewed at length in these columns. It is a large and excellent show. Messrs. Thatcher, Primrose and West, the Clipper Quartette and the Byrne Brothers were all accorded a full measure of applause. The Still Alarm is announced for next week.

There was a large gathering of lovers of comic opera at the Windsor on Monday night. The attraction was The Little Tycoon, and was produced by a well organized company under the management of Willard Spencer, the author.

Thomas G. Sashoche gave the part of General Knickerbocker in his own individual style. His songs were roundly applauded. J. Aldrich Libby, as Alvin Barry, sang excellently but his love-making lacked fervor. J. H. Wilson in the comedy part of a band leader was clever. J. F. McGee, as James Macleary, made the most of Lord Dolphin and Teddy respectively. Marie Sanger was a maternal support to her husband. Catherine Linyard, a young lady with a pretty face and sweet voice, was pleasing Violet. Elva Cox acted with genuineness as Dolly Dimple. The chorus was large and the female portion young and pretty. The costumes were handsome and the scenery adequate. Next week, Oliver Byron.

At the Thalia Theatre on Monday, Walter S. Sanford in his play, *Under the Lash*, drew a packed house. The thrilling situations of the piece and the excellent impersonations of Mr. Sanford, together with his clever dog and company, proved very pleasing to the audience. The piece was well mounted.

The Tin Soldier is drawing good houses to the Fourteenth Street Theatre this week. The features of the performance are Eugene Cassel as Rafe, and Kate Davis as Violet Hughes.

Dickster's charges on Monday night proved very acceptable to a large home. The new songs rendered by J. H. Davis and T. Jones were excellent. Frankie and Marion and Dan Hart and his singing dog are still in the bill.

She, at the People's this week, is drawing awestricken and admiring audiences. The cast is the same as was seen when the piece was done here recently.

The Kimball Movie-makers gave an excellent performance of *Man's Ruin* at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. All Harrison in the title-role gave an artistic and convincing performance which the audience liberally applauded. The balance of the company was capable, while the setting of the place was all that could be desired.

—Sweet Lavender opens its fifteenth representation at the Lyceum. The houses continue to be large and approbative.—The Yeomen of the Guard has but a few weeks to run at the Casino. Noddy returns next month.—The Old Homestead is naturally a popular holiday attraction and crowds are visiting the Academy.—Captain Swift's interests and plans nightly assemblies that test the capacity of the Madison Square.—Christmas amusements end on the Longacre at Harrigan's Picnic, decidedly outstanding.—Little Lord Fauntleroy, from the very nature of things, is holiday treat which every boy and girl expects, and the Broadway has more holiday fairs in its audience than any house town.—Miss Emeralds is drawing gay houses to the Standard. It is hot, by means, so good a place as Monte Cristo, but it is doing better.

It looks a little odd certainly to see San-
David figuring in a rollicking operetta with
chorus girls in slinky tight, languid
prima donna, ponderous funny man and all
familiar apparatus of the genre. Yet, that,
a slight change of names, is precisely what
have in Herr Jango's operetta, *Faerie*,
given on Thursday night at the Ambury
Theatre. A gloomy, morbid Spanish king,
Fernando, has fallen under the influence of
bigoted priests and a villainous prima entre-

Don Inigo, who schemes to assassinate his own Queen, and eventually to have him asquandered and dethroned in favor of some creature of his own. What with tam, vigils, jealousy and suspicion, acting at once on a frail physique and morbid temper, the plot is in a way to succeed, when a bright, wholesome young actress intervenes in the person of the ballad-singer, Parinelli, who by chance has eloped with the minister's niece, Maroula, and ends up with her as a pair of mutual heartbreakers. Fate throws them in the way of the royal family. The minister is delighted to place his relative about the person of the Queen, hoping thereby to secure a confederate in his plots, and the young musician wins the confidence of the King. He uses the magic of his voice, aided by his ready skill in impromptu verse-making, and still more by the cooperation of his wife, to draw the monarch from his solitude, undo the plots, baffle the plotters and restore the king at once to his wife, his reason and his throne. The crucial moment of the piece turns on his shrewdness in urging the poor hypochondriac to a timely lunch, and a good draught of coffee wine—a practical illustration of Luther's Wein, Weib und Gaaßung went aptly put.

The theme is an admirable one, and the plot and action, though a little long-winded in the earlier scenes, are interesting and good. The finale of the second act—the whole company standing in great anxiety while Farinelli sings his favorite air and tempts the King from his gloomy retirement—is really beautiful and poetic. Hardly less good is the action of the third act where he chases the King with food and drink and by an impromptu ballet induces his sudden humor and brings to the Queen at just the right moment to be embraced and reinstated in favor. With a little more character in the development of the story, and some condensation of dialogue and action, as above hinted, it would be one of the best pieces in the list of light opera.

The music is sentimental, but always bright and pretty, and, especially in the later scenes, very neatly orchestrated. Herr Schmitt sang and acted excellently as the strolling musician, and Fri. Engländer sides singing well, and particularly graceful as comely as the harum-scarum little Mauchl. Herr Stenhold made up very effectively and acted well in the small part of the King, and Fri. Fuhshup, while she sings with rather eccentric style and phrasing, was properly dramatic as the Queen. Labe and Friese, as the theatre director, Cochsamba, and his servant, Pancha, were mercifully discreet in the comic business, and their topical song, "It ain't in the Bond," was witty and telling. Fri. Hebrich gave a grotesque sketch of the fantastic old coquette, Donna Eloise. There were perceptibly too much of her, but as we have long ago pointed out, when stout elderly ladies are caricatured on the stage, there always are too much of them.

In their attitude toward Wagner most lovers seem to fall naturally into three broad and fairly defined classes: The faithful, who accept him without question or exception in his entirety; the protestants who reject his mission altogether; and the musical magicians who find it impossible either to praise or blame with the partisan zeal and unreserve of the others. Among the latter class of critics and they are many, it is not unusual to hear the suggestion of a wish to at least try the experiment of listening to the orchestral portions of some of his operas performed as a symphony, omitting the vocal score. Whimsical as the notion may seem, THE MINOR, in person of its materialized representative, gave very near realizing it on Friday last. Fate, the box-office, had placed him in the bottom front on the north side of the orchestra, literally among the wood, and next door to the brass where he read the bassoon's score over his shoulder and stared down the gaping throats of the *corymbifera* in anticipation of the initial note. Naturally he expected to be deafened and braced his nerves for the coming tempest, doubtful whether it would pour to be aise from heaven or blasts from—elsewhere. To his astonishment, when it came, it was very calm, it was very good. The trombones roared and threatened, the horns soothed and cooed, the clarinets wailed, the flutes warbled and trembled, the kettle drums thundered, but all such splendid accord that THE MINOR, a contrabass contralto soul thrilled in a sort of ecstasy.

Elysium, and felt the heaviest blare of cornet as divine as it was deafening. Through all the tempest the splendid still of the moon shone complacently. Even without the din of the strings which came in gentle frequent gusts from the South, the wind alone was a symphony in itself, noble, complete and satisfactory. Best of all, it was the voice, and in general only those parts of the vocal score were prominent which are glad to hear. Occasionally an older screech from Mime set our teeth on edge, above the crash of the instruments it was just that Wotan and Erda were making derisive of themselves with their interminable discussion on Fate and foreknowledge, the best parts were audible enough. Siegfried's *Notung*-song rang out with its clear, clearness, and the fine passion of *Birnhilf* awakening was proof against anything greater than a bilious or an earthquake.

South to say, the opera was not so well sung. Alway was, indeed, as good as ever, and Fischer is always a tower of strength. Sollerager, as Mime, opened us a little

ture, and was fairly picturesque in the ghoulish glare of the wicked dwarf. The wood-bird warbled not quite so sweetly as of old, and Paffner was a shade less dragonaque, for all his tin trumpet. In the one momentary master of Brithilde, there was a sad falling-off. Spite of our natural awe of the opinion of one or two great morning journals, we must gently maintain that *Antenor's* *oeuvre* that Miss Moran-Olden was only measurably satisfactory. She is broad, vigorous and dramatic, but she sings ill. She makes many of her tones in a harsh and discordant way. She gets off the key, and she abuses the *fortissimo*; in vulgar English, she "screeps" or slides to her own with an effect that sometimes borders on the qualmish. As old and elementary rule in billiards is, first be sure to hit the ball. It should be a primal principle in singing one would think, to make a pleasant noise and this Miss. Olden does not always—perhaps not even usually—accomplish.

But these drawbacks only slightly dimmed the Minors, safely enconched behind its support of hautesse—*devinez les fagots*, as the Frenchmen say of a good bottle of wine—and duly thankful for what it didn't get. It could hardly hope such exceptional luck again, unless it can make interest, some day, with the man at the dispensary for permission to sit at his enormous bottle.

On Wednesday evening of last week the Gounod Choral Society gave their first concert of this season at Chickerling Hall. An organ solo by W. E. Mulligan was well received. Solos by Mme. Salvotti and E. Coletti were duly appreciated and enjoyed. The next work of the evening, however, was done by the Society, which took the leadership of W. E. Mulligan. Mozart's "Motte," Massenet's "At Evening," and an anthem by Mr. Mulligan, were well executed. The singing Gounod's Messe Solennelle (St. Cecilia), Mme. Salvotti, E. Arenschie and E. Coletti, with the full chorus of the Society, was excellent and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. The execution of the choral showed the effects of careful training and good judgment in balancing the parts. It was smooth and good in tone and color.

The suit brought by John E. Brand, a leading baritone of the Casino company, to set aside a judgment obtained against the defunct American Opera company for \$1,625.90 for breach of contract, has just been tried before Judge Browne of the City Court. The baritone now seeks to hold Parke Godwin, one of the directors of the American Opera company, liable for the payment of this judgment, upon the assumption that Mr. Godwin, as one of the directors, signed his name to the annual report of the American Opera company made in Jan. 1897. Mr. Godwin testified that he had put his name to the report at the request of Mrs. J. M. Thurber, who assured him that the report was all right. Judge Browne overruled his decision.

In March, 1884, when Messrs. Shack Collier were running the Union Square Theatre, they were anxious to procure a new and attractive society drama. Robert Buchanan of London, the author of *Partners*, wrote the managers stating that he had a drama, a society drama, inquired if they would accept and upon what terms. They replied that they would use the drama and would give £100 or £5 one and £150 advance payment. The advance money was sent and Buchanan came here with a play entitled *A Hero In Spain*. Himself. It was a complete surprise to the managers when it was read to them. The scene was out on the Western prairies and leading characters would be required to appear in red shirts with their trousers in their boots included in the company playing at the Union Square at the time of Charles Thorne, Sara Jewett and other prominent members of the profession whom the managers concluded would put a very sorry spectacle in such a drama. It was rejected at at once because, in their opinion it was not a society drama, neither was it fitted for their company, but the author refused to find the advance payment. The managers were compelled to bring suit in the Supreme Court to recover this money, and the case tried, last week before Judge Lawrence and a jury.

James W. Collier testified to the circumstances of procuring the play, and told the jury that it was not a society drama by name, and was not at all fit for his company. Charles A. Newman and several other authors corroborated him on this point.

Mr. Buchanan's testimony was taken in London. The effect of it was that in his opinion the play was exactly what he had estimated it to be—a society drama. The evidently thought otherwise, for they gave the managers a verdict of \$945 against the author. Judge Dittenhofer and David Gerber appeared for the managers.

Charlotte Walker, a prima donna, who once connected with the American Opera company, is being sued in the City Court by Melina M. Colla, a teacher of operatic singing who seeks to recover an alleged balance of \$537, due for lessons given from October 1881, to April, 1886, at the rate of \$100 per quarter. The prima donna, who has recently been singing in Philadelphia and other cities, denies that there is any sum of money due. She asserts that the lessons were given at a rate of \$50 per quarter, and it was understood that she was to procure engagements for her teacher. This part of the agreement, however, was not carried out. Judge Egan has set the case down for trial next month.

I had occasion to go see a hard old party way up in the circles of straight-laced society, the other day; one of those leaders in thought, one of those mighty, dignified dames who spend their lives in doing the "holier than thou" act, and in a patronizing way she took me to do for her using my ability in a higher direction than in writing for secular newspapers.

Then New York Minnons, the acknowledged organ of the dramatic and musical profession, celebrated its tenth anniversary yesterday by an issue of sixteen pages, with a supplement containing an admirable portrait of the talented young editor, Harrison Gray Fiske. Portraits are also given of all the members of the editorial staff, comprising Mary B. Fiske, A. C. Wheeler,

Harley, Frank	Thomas, Frank
Holmes, John	Tracy, George L.
Hanlon, George	Templeton, Fay
	Underwood, Arthur

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The Usher.



In Ushering
Miss Anderson and Mr. French.

The movement which has come into notoriety through the bold demand by the Actors' Order of Friendship from the government for protection to American players had its origin in informal discussions that took place eight or nine months ago. The participants felt that something should be done to improve the condition and prospects of the unemployed professionals in this country, and they traced their hardships in a large measure to the competition of English talent. It was only recently that the remedy which has been proposed and the method to be pursued were adopted.

Two persons and two things were instrumental in bringing the matter out of a state of doubt and conjecture into the strong current of a fixed plan and a determined purpose. These persons were Mary Anderson and Henry French.

Miss Anderson aggravated the popular fear of the probable results of unrestricted dramatic importation by bringing with her to her own land an English supporting company, which had not even the merit of collective competence to excuse its presence on our boards or to estimate Miss Anderson's choice. As THE MIRROR pointed out in critical and courteous language at the time of its first appearance here, the organization was wretchedly inadequate, and, as one of our leading managers bluntly puts it, "Miss Anderson brought over with her a band of rank and intolerable 'dilettantes'."

A couple of months ago Mr. French was in treaty with certain managers and other theatrical magnates for the formation of an international circuit which should extend from London to San Francisco, via New York and all the leading cities of the United States. Starting from a theatre in London, English companies, playing English dramas, were to come over here in a steady stream and sweep over our country and back home again. It is only fair to state that a number of American managers looked favorably upon the scheme, and would have gone into it had not the whole matter fallen through, owing, I believe, to inability to secure a proper theatre in London as a base of operations.

These facts being presented to the Actors' Order, and advice how to proceed having been given by one versed in congressional proceedings, the action was promptly and quietly taken which has surprised and interested everybody in a remarkable degree. Within a few weeks it is probable that Congress will act upon the actors' petition.

Several points contributing to a correct idea of the real scope and importance of this movement for protection are shrouded in the gloom of doubt and ignorance.

First, I should like to know what proportion of our profession favors it. We cannot accurately judge by the utterances of the few whose opinions, pro and con, have been secured by the newspapers, or by the enthusiastic partisanship of Messrs. Aldrich, Booth, Barrett, Palmer, Boucicault and the rest of the little circle of prominent players and managers who have lifted up their voices in its behalf. The unemployed actors—an unknown quantity—have not yet been heard from. The great army of these filling engagements have not been canvassed. Consequently we are in the dark respecting the sentiment and will of the great majority.

And then I would be glad to learn in what manner the amendment to the Immigration Law, if it is obtained and put into operation, would advantage those for whose benefit it is intended. Would it prevent actors from coming here from England individually and then landing in companies under American-made contracts? Would not the letter and the spirit of the law be evaded by resort to the same devices and to the same subterfuges which nullify its efficacy in other directions? Do we not know perfectly well that thousands of foreigners annually slip through the gates of Castle Garden and go forth to labor in factories and on the iron highways all over the land at cheap wages against which the native cannot compete? What is to prevent the foreign actor from imitating the foreign laborer's example?

If, however, protection is demanded solely as a matter of principle, as is claimed, it may not matter to its promoters whether the relief is supposed to have in view is accomplished or not. But if the principle of superficial political consistency is solely the object achieved, there are many that will hesitate to give

it their support or sanction. I, for one, would rejoice to see the condition of our profession bettered by any righteous means, but if protection is to be merely an empty word I should equally regret to see our actors unnecessarily place themselves in an attitude which many people evidently consider undignified and unworthy the disciples of what is universally esteemed as a noble art.

Mr. Aldrich and his supporters in their petition concede that "stars" shall be freely permitted to make contracts to appear here. If political consistency is the principle on which any demand at all is made, why should our native "stars" be denied protection? Some of them need it; the exclusion of foreign competitors would give them the field to themselves. If a British star clergyman is fagged for coming here under contract, why should not a British star actor also come under the ban? The prominence or the wealth of a theatrical immigrant ought, in all justice, to carry with it no immunity.

And how are "stars" to be distinguished in all cases, from plain, every-day actors? By their ability? That would not be always a safe or reliable guide. By the amount of heralding they have had in the American newspapers? If so, it would be easy to manufacture almost anybody into the requisite stellar qualifications. The Meiningers are all stars, yet they would not be free to enter our territory because an artistic spirit dominates their organization, which is simply a company of artists with no nebulous pretensions.

And why, pray, should foreign singers be exempted from protection? Mr. Aldrich will tell you that the movement is only intended to benefit actors and that his Order didn't want to bite off any more than it could chew, or words to that effect.

And, moreover, because Director Stanton would otherwise have joined the opposition. But, as a matter of fact and the "consistency" which is constantly quoted as a powerful reason, American opera singers are entitled to a clear field, too. It may be argued that there are none, but that makes no difference, for there are many people that would like to be opera singers, and on Mr. Aldrich's theory we should develop all that would be good for us in short order.

By all means, if the pursuit of art, dramatic or vocal, is not artistic but simply industrial, let the singers and the actors mutually and equally share the nominal protective measure which shields, or ineffectually purports to shield the navy, the stone-mason and the tinsmith. A patriot like Mr. Aldrich ought not to have capitulated to Director Stanton.

If we have been mistaken all these years, and if acting is a trade after all, like any other honest trade, and actors are to be classed, not with intellectual workers, but with manual laborers, then why do not Mr. Aldrich and the Actors' Order, in the name of all that's consistent, put themselves into affiliation with the powerful trades unions? They would be eligible, I think, to a charter from the Knights of Labor, and Mr. Aldrich might very properly aspire to the dignity of Master Workman. Arbitration, strikes and boycotts would then be feasible, whenever necessary, with all the power of the allied trades acting in unison. Why not? And yet Mr. Aldrich informed me the other day that his Order had determined to steer clear of the trades unions, although overtures had already been made by them.

I submit, is this consistent?

There are some odd things which the close observer notes in connection with this movement.

In the first place Mr. French's partner, Mr. Sanger, is on the other side of the fence. Next, Mr. Booth, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Barrett, prominent movers in it, were not fortunate in their visits to England.

Mr. Abbey wants no protection because he lives by speculation in foreign talent. Mr. Daly is with him because he has a circuit in which London is an advertisement and Paris a weak stand, and he wishes to stand well over there. Mr. Mansfield talks opposition on the when-the-devil-was-sick European plan.

Mr. Aldrich lost several thousands of dollars early this season on a revamped English melodrama, played at Mr. Sanger's theatre.

Managers who hitherto have stood on one side of a bottomless gulf on the other side of which stood the actors, both parties shouting their contempt and dislike for the other, are now the most stalwart champions of the cause that is to give every American, of whatever grade or capacity, who calls himself an actor, a big salary, the star dressing-room, three meals a day and pudding on Sunday. The "heartless," "mercenary," "speculative," "money-changing" manager is no longer heard of, and the "greedy," "big headed," "corrupt" actor of other days has equally disappeared.

If it does nothing else Mr. Aldrich's great movement will be entitled to posthumous distinction for having drawn manager and actor into a sweet and serene communion.

So far as I am concerned I wish to see American actors demanding what is just and right and to their best interests and the best interests of the American stage, now and hereafter. If they are laborers merely, having no other ambition whatever beyond securing

wages, by all means let them suit and receive the protection extended to other laborers. But until this point is made perfectly clear to the friend of the art which Shakespeare, Garrick, Keen, Forrest, Macready and many other great men have followed can consistently commit himself on one side or the other. It is not a question of race prejudice; it is not a retaliatory measure; demagoguery does not enter into the case. It is one of two things: It is either a moving cry from the honest laborer for the protection which should be his, or it is a violent and dangerous attempt to upheave the conception of the character of the actor's art which has stood since the beginning of its history.

Now, which is it?

If protection were secured and could it be enforced, I should personally regret the loss of the opportunity of seeing Bernhardt with a company speaking her own tongue. I imagine that her art would lose much of its power and attractiveness were she obliged to go into the polyglot business. And I should dislike to think we were to be forever debarred the privilege of seeing Rhina Volke in the centre of her bright little troupe, Wyndham with his capital comedians, Coquelin with his versatile associates, Irving with his Lyceum people, etc., etc.

But I frankly confess that I do not like Miss Anderson's company any more than I do her bad taste in bringing a lot of burnt-out coals to Newcastle. She could have assembled a better company here in New York at a week's notice and escaped the wholesale and justifiable charge of Anglophobia. It is true that the repertoire of standard plays on which our tragic stars depend is English, but we have actors that are as well-schooled in their requirements as any that England has ever sent us.

What would be said in London if Mr. Irving, after an American sojourn, should take back to the Lyceum a company of New York actors? I don't know that the roof of the theatre would be pulled down over his head, but I'm morally certain that on such an improbable occasion I should prefer to be a thousand miles or so distant.

Let me say one thing more before leaving this subject. While the question of social character does not strictly enter into a discussion of nationality in dramatic art, it is nevertheless true that a good many imported actors have at various times brought discredit upon our stage.

I number many estimable English professionals among my warmest friends and there are many more whose work and whose excellent personal qualities I respect and admire. But it is a well-authenticated fact that a good many of our countrymen have come here in much the same spirit that an adventurer would go to the border.

They have come here feeling that as they didn't intend to make their home among us they could kick up their heels without danger of suffering in reputation at home. They have borrowed money right and left, beaten hotel-keepers and unsophisticated landladies, thrown all moral restraint to the winds and flaunted concubines, manquéring as wives, in our faces without the slightest sense of shame or decency. They have furnished endless material to scandal-mongers and innumerable columns of "spicy" narrative to the sensational press, and have altogether comported themselves so as to bring discredit upon their calling and disgrace upon their country.

I do not refer to these unpleasant facts to disparage English actors as a class, but simply to show that if I am a little slow in perceiving the virtue or the necessity of protecting American actors, it is not because I am biased in favor of the influence of many of those that come hither from Albion, but simply because I believe that the matter should be approached conservatively and conscientiously and that the horizon of judgment should be as broad and as free as the great art under whose banner we are all assembled.

"Hearth-rug" Tuition Tested.

In order to demonstrate the utility of "hearth-rug tuition," as Mr. Boucicault terms instruction given elsewhere than on the stage of a theatre, Alfred Ayres invited the critics to a special performance at the People's Theatre last Thursday morning to see the trial scene from The Merchant of Venice, with one of his pupils as Portia, Mr. Ayres himself playing Shylock. A note on the programme stated that Mr. Ayres presented Miss Warren, who had had no stage experience whatever, in the belief that she would acquire herself sufficiently well to prove that "hearth-rug" instruction might be of some practical value. The outcome is a large measure tantamount to Mr. Ayres' theory.

Miss Warren is a young woman, with an intelligent and attractive face, a voice of more than ordinary flexibility and readiness of expression. She entered upon her ordeal with remarkable composure, and throughout manifested that rarest of qualities in novices—repugnance and self-command. Her reading was correct to a fault. Every emphasis, tone and inflection exhibited careful and stirring guidance, and, probably, from the educational point of view, the "quality of mercy" speech has seldom received subtler treatment or nicer delivery. Where she came into contact with Shylock she displayed the true value and importance of action, facial play and the force which combined produces the effect of spontaneity and astuteness. These were sadly lacking in Miss Warren's otherwise correct performance. The feeling as well as the thought should be conveyed, and it cannot be done by cold rhetorical finish alone. Her delivery was not only correct, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study.

Mr. Ayres read Shylock's lines with impressive effect, giving to each its just measure and every delicate shade of meaning. As in the case of the pupil, the instructor's performance was given with cold rhetorical finish alone. Her delivery was not only correct, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study, but it was so elegant that it hid the actor's study.

Faded and Defunct.

—Josephine Loomis is looking for an engagement.
—The Fugitive company will continue its road campaign on Jan. 12.

—Mr. Gaudin presented his wife with a house on West End Avenue on a Christmas present.

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—The Fugitive

on the aggressiveness of the day, wished to be a Merry Christmas.

A strange story is going around this week to the effect that W. S. Gilbert, moved to New York or his retirement home by the recent *Daily Telegraph* "blatant" of Birmingham Hall, has written to that paper demanding the instant dismissal of its critic, Clement Scott, whom Gilbert would seem to regard as the in Clement Scott. Some, on hearing this, have remarked: "Pooh! ridiculous! impossible! Gilbert wouldn't do so foolish a thing!" and so on. But those who say this either do not know or have forgotten that it is only those Gilbert is so returning to his old form. Well do I remember that some twenty years ago, when Gilbert was writing dramatic notices for the now defunct *Illustrated Times*, he savagely abused almost every play he noticed, and yet far-sighted when he came once as a playwright himself, he promptly brought an action for libel against a paper whose critic had dared to say that the then young Gilbert's play had something to be desired. Whether or so it is a fact that Gilbert has demanded the dismissal of Scott, whether he will demand that the rest of us who found fault with Birmingham Hall shall be similarly punished—and if not, why not—has not been vouchsafed to me up to the time of mailing.

Love and Honor as adapted from Dumas fil, was successfully put on at the new Grand, Wellington, on Monday by Kate Vaughan and company. Kate caught on, so did the leading men. H. J. Lethcott, but there was nothing particularly novel in the play.

The Duchess of Raywater and Co., a slight but bright society satire as to the aristocracy taking up with trade, was produced at the Haymarket on Saturday night and was received with favor.

Next Wednesday Beerbohm Tree and company will give a matinee of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at this house. Masks and Faces has been given at the last two Wednesday matinees here, and with success.

Marie Gordon, an actress well known on your side, and not altogether unconnected in marriage with the late John T. Raymond, is about to tour in our provinces to a new play called *Princess Diana*, written for her by J. Walton Jones, a Leeds journalist.

It has been decided to hold a Spanish Exhibition at Earl's Court, Kensington, next year.

Ernest, a new classical cum-melodramatic ballet, is to be put on at the Alhambra on Monday: dress rehearsal deferred to morrow.

The real Little Lord Fauntleroy (Mrs. H. Burcott's very own version) is to be played at a series of Opera Comique matinees, commencing on Monday. Also on Monday the new Lyric Theatre opera. We are bidden to the private viewing at Midnight on Saturday.

This (Thursday) afternoon the old-time favorite, Emily Soldene, gave a matinee at Terry's to celebrate her "silver wedding with the stage." She appeared in portions of *La Fille de Madame Angou*, *Genievre de Brabant*, etc., but not with such pleasing results as could be wished. Respect for a once highly valued servant of the public prevents my giving further details. GAWAIN.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have just learned that Gilbert denies having written to the *D. T.* to demand the dismissal of Clement Scott, and adds that he will bring an action against the latter for libel. All of which is very foolish; but all I say is, just you wait, that's all. G.

♦♦♦♦♦

Planting the Black Flag.

The play pirates are again looming up on the horizon. Charles Melville, the business manager of a Graze Widow company, sends from Forest, O., a programme of *The Rileys*, who are plaving everything they can think of through Ohio and the West.

Will P. Hohenschuh, treasurer of the Opera House at Iowa City, Iowa, also sends word that the play thieves are not dead yet, enclosing at the same time a circular of the Ford's Metropolitan Dramatic company, supporting Clint G. Ford in Monte Cristo, *The Hearts of Oak*, *Davy Crockett*, *Damon and Pythias*, *Bells of Shandon*, *The Danites*, *The Passion Slave*, *The World*, and *The Silver King*. Frank and Katherine Howe and the Gaiety Theatre company are playing in The Private Secretary through Pennsylvania and are also being seen in *The Silver King*, *The Danites*, *Wives and My Partner*. The famous Gibney, Gordon and Giffel Comedy company is now being seen in *Duff's Girl*.

It is denied that Robert H. Baird is a pirate. It being claimed for him that he has the sole permission from Deenham Thompson to produce Joshua Whitcomb through the small towns in Canada.

Among the recently discovered pirates is Whitman Osgood, who is said to be rehearsing a company of amateurs, with a Miss Davis as the star, in Indianapolis, Ind., for the purpose of playing in that territory in the plays of *Fate and Only a Farmer's Daughter*. When informed of this fact, Charles R. Gardiner, who is the owner of these plays, said:

"It is not my intention to go out West to fight those people on their own ground. But I intend to keep my eye upon them, and when I catch any of the rascals concerned in the production in New York or any of the managers at whose houses the production was given, I will sue to it that I have a legal settlement with them here."

♦♦♦♦♦

A Slight Mistake.

The following conversation was overheard in a Baltimore Hotel the other day between a well-known star and his wife and Mr. Muldoon, the wrestler. At the time Muldoon was playing an engagement in the city with his company.

Mrs. Star—Oh, yes. I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Muldoon. My husband has spoken of you so often. You had a picnic at Onetide, didn't you?

Mr. Star (in an attempted aside)—No, no, not, that Muldoon was an eccentric character in a play.

Mrs. Star—Yes, yes, dearie, I know. But I thought that this was the gentleman.

During the conversation an experienced and careful observer might have noticed Mr. Muldoon blush. It is quite likely that he could have recalled many a lively picnic in which he had participated, although he can play "not smile" in the best manner known.

under how many people will go on

The conscious individuality, the ego, is created by the chest. "I am king," and the

teller's sign. On her persistence we dropped in. An old, hag like woman presided over large glass goldfish globe, and after much seemed only the mummery of her trade. Suddenly the old crone shrieked out in an a-

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